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# EDITORIALS

## COLOR VERSUS DRAWING IN ART A SYMPOSIUM

A NUMBER of painter-artists have complained because THE ART WORLD has been insisting vehemently on the need of truthful drawing in a painting and apparently relegating color to fifth in importance in our Standards of Art Measurement in which we say that the elements of art are six—conception, composition, expression, drawing, color and technique.

A talented painter, the late Carroll Beckwith, a week before passing away, came to our office and in his gentle way suggested that we had been lax. So we asked him to express his ideas on the relative importance of color and drawing in a painting. He did so and the article we print on page 176 is the last piece of literary work of this genial artist. Its ending suggests that he did not say all he wished before heart failure carried him home to his Maker.

We plead guilty to having insisted, even brutally, upon the primal need of drawing in any work of art. We did not discuss the element of color because it did not occur to us that it would be needful to preach such a platitude as: "Drawing is the mother of living form while color is its glorification," this at a time when engaged in a fierce battle against the growing vice of untruthful drawing in the world of art. So we had been misunderstood. We will now explain in full our position on the relative importance of color and drawing.

The chief aim of those among us who are ambitious for American art is that our artists should produce great and enduring works in all the arts. What is the foundation of such art? Carlyle expressed it when he exclaimed: "The fine arts once divorcing themselves from *truth* are quite certain to fall mad, if they do not die!" Though he did not always see the truth clearly in detail, he did see the truth of the supreme truth, in both life and art, that everything that is not based on truth is destined for the scrap heap. Unless the fundamentals of a work of art are true, be it a picture or a poem, a statue or a temple, it cannot endure. Neither art nor civilization will endure unless based on truth.

Now we hear much about the "poetry of color." Many critics and artists talk glibly about it without knowing what they mean. Most of them confound poetry of color with charm of color as they do style in art with manner in art. But poetry and charm of color are two different things.

The poetry of color depends upon the composition of any color-scheme, upon the arrangement and shape of the spots of color—upon a picture's color-map, so to speak—upon the amount of blue,

green or red, of yellow, gray or brown in the composition.

The charm of color depends upon the vibrating quality of the surface of the color work; its depth, its richness, its sheen, its transparencies.

The color in some pictures, especially of fresco and *gouache* [water-colors] is as dry and opaque as a plaster wall; that of some others is as liquid, rich and deep as an opalescent sea, like some pictures by Rembrandt, Vermeer, Memling, Giorgione, Titian, Velasquez and others; they are full of infinite charm, merely as color applied to a canvas or copper-plate. But that is a commonplace. There has been no occasion to tell our readers such an obvious truth, and we certainly never said anything to the contrary. We might as well waste our time proving that three times three makes nine.

When nature creates any living thing she first makes the form, and always of an agreeable linear design—then she colors the form. Color alone is not her aim. It is form plus color, color being the glorification of the form.

In this we are strongly supported by Mr. Elliott Daingerfield, one of our leading "colorists" in an article on "Color and Form," see page 179, in which he says:

"It is demonstrably certain that the art of painting is based upon drawing, but equally certain it is that drawing alone is but half the purpose, else, why painting at all, and once this is discerned, color comes into its own and proclaims itself essential, equal. For the moment we need not consider what its own qualities are, but rather its office, and this is surely that of a revealer of form. So much of pigment which in its application is irrelevant, is foolishness, and any detached spotting of pigment is no less than folly. Drawing defines form, color reveals it. We may then reach almost an axiomatic statement that color without form is chaos."

Now, in art any one can draw untruthfully. But to draw truthfully takes great patience and intellectual concentration—will-power—even for those who naturally draw with ease. Therefore weak men never learn how to draw because nothing in art is so difficult as to draw correctly and expressively, for example, the hands in a picture or statue, above all the movement of an entire figure. Therefore, for some artists, there is ever present the urging temptation to shirk the labor of drawing correctly. Hence, in all art schools the primal burden of the masters is to force the student to ingrain the habit of always drawing truthfully and expressively and in self-defense demanding it from other artists. For an artist cannot make a figure live on a canvas by color alone. He can only do that by his draw-



FIG. 1  
"FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA"  
BY VELASQUEZ  
An example of fine drawing.

ing, whether he draws with a pencil or with a brush.

Mr. Beckwith (page 176) has invoked the personality of Delacroix and his "Dante and Virgil in Hades" usually called "The Barque of Dante." We also will invoke Delacroix.

Nature's supreme spiritual purpose is to stir our emotions. For that purpose she uses form and color. But the form and its linear composition is more important as a means of stirring our emotions than color. This is proved by the fact that a fine photograph of "The Barque of Dante" by Delacroix (see page 177) is already emotion-stirring without any color whatever—black and white not being counted as color. Why is this uncolored picture emotion-stirring? First, because of the grandeur of line composition in the forms and masses, and second, because of the associated ideas they evoke, principally because the forms are truthfully drawn, and also because, as Augustus Thomas says: "A word or phrase, act or symbol thrills us in proportion to its capacity—as an explosive agent—to touch

and fire a center of associated emotional memories." That this picture, if colored, would be still more emotion-stirring is another commonplace.

Now let the reader look at the "Ferdinand of Austria" by Velasquez, figure 1. What makes this one of the finest portraits he ever painted?—the color? No, it is the truthful drawing plus the splendid linear composition.

Now look at "The Fisherman" by a "modernist" (figure 2), it is a degrading work of art. Why degrading? Because of its untruthful "deformation of the form" through an absurd system of drawing used by a neurotic dilettante who thinks that the lying deformation of the form can be the basis of great art.

This figure was exposed in the Autumn Salon at Paris some years ago and eulogized by a newspaper critic as great art. That is a signal proof that untruthful drawing is no longer looked upon as æsthetically or socially vicious; the drawing indulged in by our modernists generally is an index to what extent untruthful drawing has gradually become the habit in the modernistic section of the world of art; against this we have been making a most vigorous war. When will the public and those who, even still, misunderstand us grasp the truth, that what makes modernistic art technically and socially degrading is not so much its color—this or that—but its absolutely dishonest drawing? Whence comes this wave of indifference to untruthful drawing, injurious alike to art and dynamically to society, upon which everything that is dishonest reacts injuriously?

To draw perfectly in order to give life to a figure has been the ideal of every great artist from Pheidias down. Because when in the drawing of



FIG. 2  
"THE FISHERMAN"

An example of insane drawing by a cynical "modernistic" charlatan. A specimen of the degenerate and vicious "deformation of the form" the combating of which is one of the main purposes of THE ART WORLD.

any figure there are incorrect peculiarities, either through the artist's incompetency or his design, these false peculiarities make us ask questions and so occupy the mind; this mental preoccupation militates against the soul being quickly emotioned by a work of art; the more peculiar, *ergo* false the drawing, the more will it destroy the emotioning power of the work. Therefore to flout this ideal boldly is to play the part of a crank or anarchistic rebel against common-sense. Delacroix was such a rebel.

The drawing in his "Barque of Dante" exhibited in his youth in 1822 is fine and truthfully drawn. Why did he draw so well in that picture? Because he wanted to show what he could do to win in the Paris Salon his spurs as a workman and so he worked hard and patiently to pass the test, and his fame rests principally on this one picture; but his later work is nearly all of it more or less untruthful in drawing in important details. This is noticed in his composition magnificent both for line, mass and color, called "The Taking of Constantinople." Why did he become indifferent to good drawing?

Since the Renaissance there have been in France two tendencies in art, one towards the classical, with its severity of style, its conformity to certain basic laws, and on the other hand a rebellion away from the classical towards any old "ism"—so long as it allowed the rebellious artists "to do as I please!" It is the age-long fight between reason and riot, between self-restraint and self-indulgence.

Ever since Mazarin in 1665 constituted the French Academy of Painting and Sculpture the self-restrainers have been called "academicians" and the wild self-indulgers "romanticists," though the latter name did not become fixed before 1822, from which time forward to 1860 "romanticism" was known as a "movement" in art. The two tendencies have ever been at war, are so to-day always will be.

Ingres (1780-1867) was the incarnation of self-restraint and of the so-called "academic," and Delacroix (1799-1863) was the apostle of self-indulgence and rebellion in art. Ingres could draw with marvelous truth and with ease. He also had a fine, though quiet color sense. Delacroix drew with difficulty, and so, rarely with perfection, but did have a splendid, wild sense of color. Both men were energetic fighters.

Early in life Ingres aimed at the perfection of form and insisted upon a primal need of honest drawing; Delacroix, impatient to expel on to the canvas the many conceptions that crowded his volcanic mind, shirked truthful drawing for important details in most of his canvases after his "The Barque of Dante" exposed in 1822, and for success leaned heavily towards rapidity of execution and color luxuriance. This, naturally, aroused the wrath of most critics and artists of his time—because the French genius instinctively leans towards classic *precision*, in language, form and drawing, in all the arts, and men instinctively felt that to condemn the drawing in a picture ever so little meant the *beginning* of decadence in art. Nor could Delacroix have executed the immense number of canvases he did—often huge in size—had he paid the same attention to good drawing in detail that Ingres did, because that would have

taken too much of his time and patience and curtailed his output.

So the impatient Delacroix became the protagonist of color—at the expense of perfect drawing, while Ingres remained the apostle of impeccable drawing—but never at the expense of color. He was the better balanced of the two.

Ingres we repeat was the incarnation of the Academy and Delacroix the leader of the Romantic rebels of all kinds. These are always "furninst the government" and "agin de laws," however sane and protective they may be. Therefore from 1830 to 1860 there was hot war between the two camps.

The principles of Ingres are as old as the pyramids while those of Delacroix were new. Therefore about 1846 the poet and critic Baudelaire, that semi-insane man of talent, with an anarchistic hatred of everything old or natural and a feverish, neurotic love of what is artificial—above all for everything that is new—espoused the side of Delacroix because his point of view was new. Loving this new point of view, he shaped all his criticisms to aid its triumph and so preached the superiority of color over drawing and everything else in a picture, thus running destructively counter to every sound tradition of the past.

In his "Curiosités Esthétique" he says:

"Romanticism consists precisely neither in the choice of subjects nor in the *exact truth*, but in the manner of feeling." . . . "Not in a *perfect execution* but in a conception analogous to the morality of the century." He says further: "The quality of a draughtsman, pure and simple, consists above all in finesse, and this finesse *excludes the touch*. But there are happy touches and the colorist who attempts to express nature *by color* would often lose more by suppressing these happy touches in a search for a greater truthfulness in drawing." . . . "Color certainly does not exclude grandeur of drawing, that of Veronese, for example, who drew the ensembles and the masses, but it does exclude finesse of drawing in the details, in the contour of the little parts *where the touch will always eat up the line*."

That it is possible for a man to draw superbly without losing the "happy touch" or having that touch "eat up the line" as Baudelaire says, is proven by the work of Velasquez (see figure 1, page 171). This again proves that the inventors of foolish kinds of art will always manufacture some æsthetic dogma to justify it.

Baudelaire admits: "Delacroix is sometime awkward . . . where an occasional fault in drawing is sometimes necessary in order not to *sacrifice something more important*." (Italics are ours.)

Here we have the confession of the most vociferous protagonist of Delacroix that he sometimes did sacrifice, deliberately, truthful drawing for something presumably more important. Thus proving that he agreed with Delacroix that drawing is less important than color, above all to save—"the happy touch"!

This was a new æsthetic doctrine. It was an impatient and direct attack on the tradition never before questioned since the Egyptian artists under Ustertesen carved their gods fifty centuries ago!

But it appealed to the high priest of *modernité* in art and he preached it even vituperatively. We will see shortly what the opponents of this new dogma have to say about Delacroix's drawing. The preaching of this new dogma marks the birth in art about 1850 of "modernism," a word coined by Baudelaire and defined and hurraed by him into a movement. The result was the appearance of the successive phases of "modernism": impressionism, neo-impressionism, post-impressionism, cube-ism, tube-ism, future-ism, etc., in which color was gradually more and more so worshiped and drawing step by step so despised that there is to-day not one painter in ten who really is able truthfully to draw a human figure, not to speak of drawing as Rembrandt, Holbein, Velasquez or even Raphael, Titian or Veronese drew.

Delacroix at first despised the Academy but he did not hesitate to enter it in 1857, as soon as he could, by the grace of the academicians—and so he became a despised member of the Academy. This must ever be remembered.

Now a rebel even when he is strong usually makes more noise than one who conforms to the law. Because by nature we all hate the law and the prophets and would like to smash the Ten Commandments until, like the Bolshiviki, we begin, at the brink of the abyss, to see that anarchy is asininity, because it is the mother of social dissolution. But for a time at least the public always follows a noise-maker, above all if backed up by some real talent. Moreover every bold rebel of

talent attracts lesser rebels and these by their noise attract attention to their work and often cajole the public into sponsoring it. Hence all the rebels helped Delacroix to win his day of success, and thus also helped themselves. But how is it now? What is the verdict of Time? Did Delacroix produce a single work, which for mere craftsmanship is equal to the "Princesse de Broglie" by Ingres (figure 3), so truthfully drawn and at the same time so beautifully colored or painted? No. Did he produce a single work having the noble spirit of the "Apotheosis of Homer" by Ingres or the magnificent, impeccably drawn and beautifully colored composition of his "Jupiter and Antiope"? Hardly! True, his "Apollo" on the ceiling of the Gallerie Henri IV is a splendid composition and color-scheme. But its drawing again is defective. Therefore Ingres is gradually forging ahead of Delacroix in the estimation of the far-seeing. Do not even the degenerate "modernists" now claim Ingres as their forefather and patron saint instead of Delacroix?

Dishonest drawing is always a misfortune to any picture. For if we are lovers of truth in all things, when we have been emotioned as far as possible by the beautiful color in a picture we then begin to go below the surface and become critical and if we then find that the drawing of the form in a figure is untrue it begins to pall upon us and finally to irritate us more and more.

That Delacroix was a slovenly draughtsman is not denied by others besides Baudelaire. It is admitted even by his best friends. Said Edmond About:

"It is very true that Delacroix does not draw as correctly as Flandrin or Lehmann, and that he would not carry off a freshman's prize in the school of Ingres. He would be placed among the ten last, with Rubens and some other immortal artists who did not draw any better than he. He knows it and is not troubled thereby."

But the wise also place most of Rubens's work in the second class, because they were often untruthful in drawing and detail. Does not the world regard his "Descent from the Cross" as his masterpiece? Why? Because by the side of this wonderful composition with its glorious color it is the most impeccably drawn of all his works.

The truth about Delacroix is contained in these lines about him by Maxime du Camp: "Delacroix established nothing. He has remained a remarkably original person, as much by his fine qualities as by his excessive defects, but he has drawn after him one or two important artists."

"Like certain writers who have created 'art for art's sake,' Delacroix has created color for color's sake. Humanity and history, which he seems to have seen through an immense kaleidoscope, were for him nothing but a motive for the association of shades of color well chosen. A subject was never an end for him, but solely a pretext for happy coloration. . . . We recognize all the eminent qualities which distinguish him, but we do not think them sufficient to make us forget his shocking defects. It is paying too high a price for the gift of color when the price is the sacrificing of every other science of which a painter has need."

Now, Delacroix in deliberately "sacrificing every



FIG. 3 "PRINCESSE DE BROGLIE" BY INGRES

An example of marvelous drawing.

While we do not demand such photographic drawing in every picture, it is proof that wonderful drawing and splendid color can go hand in hand when the workman is a great master.



science for color" made an impudent attack on the basic law. And ever since it has been his followers and color cranks who have been sacrificing truthful, life-giving drawing to the glory of color; it was not the drawing cranks who sacrificed color for correct drawing. In a word, it has for two generations been—color versus drawing, to the detriment of art. That is why Delacroix is slowly falling in eclipse. Also because the clairvoyants see that, as the original rebel against perfect drawing, the degenerate art of the modernists of to-day, who despise truth of drawing and of form and worship color as being sufficient for them, is traceable directly to him.

The fundamental law in the Ten Commandments of the world of art being, that an artist should never despise his drawing, those who openly and boldly violate that law in reality make war upon those who obey the law; and these, in self-defense, are compelled to strike back at the law-breakers in order to save the Ten Commandments of art from going to pot. For that reason we combat the modernists and their contempt for honest drawing and their daily insulting of it with the epithet "academic," the meaning of which they do not know.

Now, as great art cannot be reproduced without great drawing of the form—plus a glorious color composition—and since drawing comes first in a picture before color, as a mere matter of mechanics even; and, since the chief aim of THE ART WORLD is to stimulate the production of great art in America—the production of clever, trivial or degenerate art not needing any stimulus, duty to the American public compels one constantly to insist on sound drawing as a *sine qua non* for every serious work of art, never, Oh, never, at the expense of color, but as a foundation for its glory! This is the first duty because of the shockingly false drawing prevalent in the world of art to-day.

Readers must not think we narrowly insist upon *photographic* truth of drawing. We insist only on relatively true drawing, drawing that is so truthful at least that the average cultured person will not quickly notice that a figure in a picture is falsely drawn. We want at least good-enough drawing. When we have that, we will not split hairs, though we will rejoice every time we look at a head drawn by Holbein or a figure by Ingres.

We have already said that the perfect artist would be he who, with Raphael's genius for composition and Velasquez's wonderful drawing, combines Giorgione's rich, operatic sense of color. We have seen the color glories of the art of the world, and no one can appreciate color more than we do. But, just as certain as it is that the love of truth in man is unquenchable, even though he may violate it himself, and as surely as we are shocked when a well-beloved friend proves to be untruthful, so it is certain that a work of art shocks us when we discover that it is untruthful in drawing as to important details. And that a badly drawn work will gradually pall upon us in ratio of its falsity of drawing is as certain as gravitation. Therefore, to take to our hearts a man or a picture because they are merely charming to us, in manner or color, even though we know them to be dishonest, is a manifestation of destructive indifference as to whether society might suffer thereby or not, such as was shown by the Pompadour when she said: "After us the deluge."

The public should castigate every work of art that is dishonestly drawn, no matter how charming the color—because bad drawing is untruthful drawing of the form and all lying in art is pernicious and degenerating in its effect on life. Untruthful drawing, moreover, is a manifestation of insolence towards the public, and a man who cannot or will not draw truthfully should not enter the world of art to bore the busy. He does not belong there until he can and will draw truthfully.

We do not aim to instruct artists. Our aim is to enlighten the public as to what constitutes great art. But if artists criticise us we must defend our work. Since, as we said, great drawing is the basis of all great art—even though color is truly the glorification of the form—we are in duty bound to insist with Ingres that: "Drawing is the probity of art!"

Now the more Delacroix said: "To the devil with drawing, I am a colorist" the more the rational artists and the public—the custodians of the laws of art, said: "To the devil with Delacroix, he is weakening the very foundation of all great art and opening the gates to degeneracy." And their fears were only too well grounded, as the logical results in modernistic art fully testify.

Poor Delacroix, how much greater would he have been had he been less self-indulgent, less insolent and cynical and more patient and content to do less, but more perfect, work! He would have left fewer canvases, it is true, but also less defective ones. That is why Max Nordau said: "I am afraid I must likewise be guilty of heresy in respect to another great man; but Delacroix too fails to justify the idolatry people have displayed and, to some extent, still display towards him. I do not misjudge his joyous colorature, although his harmonies are rather loud than grand. I am not blind to the characteristic mobility of his composition, although it is generally far more a stagey flourish than assertion of strength in the service of a will conscious of what it is aiming at. What excites in me unconquerable opposition is his phrasing. . . ."

"What I felt at the Century Exhibition of French art I feel even more strongly in the Thierry Rooms at the Louvre. I am afraid Delacroix is one whose trial will have to be revised. Perhaps we shall then be obliged to confirm the unfavorable verdict that the adherence of the classical movement passed on him at his appearance, although on quite different grounds."

This proves what we have before stated: time makes its revision, and with deadly indifference to what the self-interested contemporaries of a pet in the world of art may foolishly have thought of their idol. Let our artists remember—a work of art is great in ratio of its power of stirring the highest emotions of the largest number of cultured people *for the longest period of time*.

But while we criticise Delacroix for his indifference to truthful drawing we must not withhold the praise due him for his genius for magnificent composition. It is that which will keep him from being forgotten. And had his imitators followed him in his love for fine composition how much nobler a path would have been trodden by the "modernists" in the world of art!

When an artist chooses a subject for a picture he first conceives it, plans it, then, in a sketch, he composes it, then he decides upon what the expres-

sion should be throughout the picture. That settled, he begins to enlarge his composition by properly drawing his figures, etc., and then he puts over the drawing the color. So that in any Standard of Art, color becomes fifth in importance—the surface technique being the least important. This is what the

while others make careful drawing first and then brush in the color and then superpose a technique or surface texture or treatment, and very slowly, like Leonardo, who took four years to paint the "Mona Lisa." Leonardo left no brush-marks, Sargent leaves some all over his canvases, though

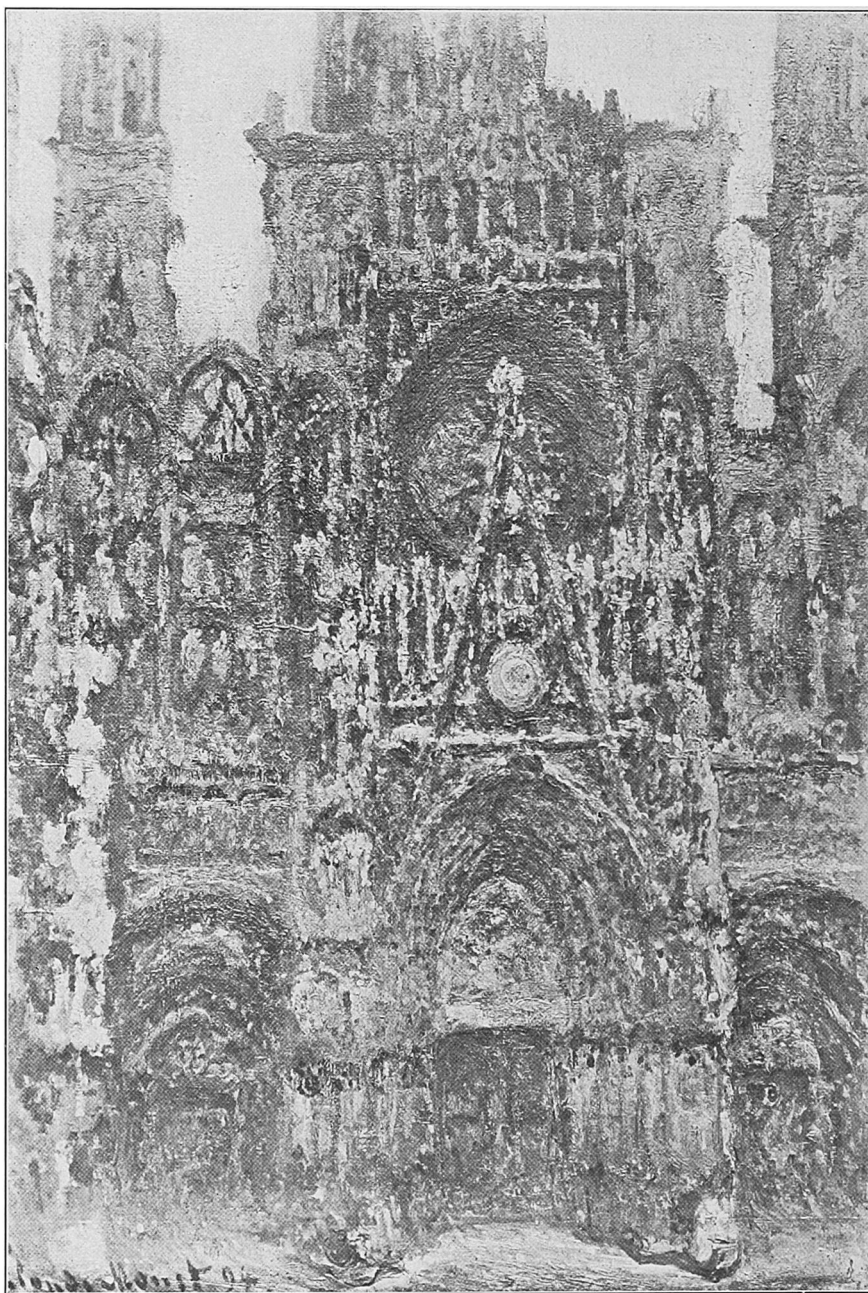


FIG. 4

## "ROUEN CATHEDRAL"

BY MONET

A badly drawn "color orgie," all the more reprehensible because Monet, in his early portraits, drew with perfection. Compared with the architectural drawing of Canaletto and Turner this is childish drawing. See page 176.

extreme lovers of color in painting will not grant, because some artists draw and color a figure directly with the brush.

But what difference does it make whether you draw directly with a brush or first with charcoal? Drawing is drawing, no matter how it is done. Some artists, like Sargent, aim to draw, to color and give the technique of a face or figure without any preliminary pencil drawing—and quickly—

at the proper focal distance, when he is most successful, we scarcely notice them. But what difference does it make if the effect is true and fine.

That the technical surface-arabesques of color, made up of strokes and scratches, dabs and streaks of paint, are interesting it is true, above all to any artist because he cannot divest himself of curiosity as to how Apelles, Van Eyck and Millet obtained their color effects. But if he sacrifices truth of

drawing and expression for such cat's-paw stunts he will some day find that every exaggerated scratch and dab of paint was a nail in the coffin of his reputation.

To what extent should an artist be allowed in his *landscapes* to falsify his drawing? He should be as exact in drawing a form as in a figure painting. Monet drawing the façade of Rouen Cathedral (see page 175) so that we can scarcely distinguish a form is dishonest because he could draw impeccably. Even Mr. Beckwith in his article, see below, admits it. Even he, who had criticised us, claims: "To attain completeness in our art requires the amalgamation of these two forces which are in our nature, viz., mastery of color and mastery of drawing."

Notice now Monet's "London Bridge in a Fog" (page 178). Here we do not need more form or drawing because all the forms are veiled by the fog. But though the color has a charming rosy gray, the picture soon palls upon us because of the very lack of form and linear melody, although this is a far more rational picture than the Rouen Cathedral spoken of. Now look at "The Pond" by Corot (page 178), an exquisite composition made beautiful mainly by its form and line composition, since the color is almost totally gray, a combination of black and white which is called the no-color colors. True, the grays are pearly grays of an extraordinary finesse of "values" and of technique. But its charm after all lies principally in

its melodious composition plus truthful drawing combined with truthful painting. It is this poetic veracity of line and color that makes it a charming emotion-stirring work and not any peculiar "poetry of color" alone, which is appreciated differently by different people of equally refined and sensitive nerves.

Monet will not be forgotten, but his future reputation will rest entirely on the early work he did—before he became a "color experimenter" and when his drawing was perfect and his form living.

The process of executing a conception selected by the soul may be divided into two—the intellectual and the mechanical; the one is done by the brain and the other by the hand, both being directed by the soul. So that the quality of the result depends entirely upon the quality of the soul of the artist. If that is fine and exalting the total result will be fine and exalting; if it is common or vulgar the result will be common or vulgar. There is no escaping this. And all rational men will agree with Ruskin: "You can always stand by Form as against Force. To a painter the essential character of anything is the form of it, and the philosopher cannot touch that." And we believe they will stand with us in the hope that our artists will see that they can help along the flowering of great art in America only by agreeing with nature that, before we think of color in art we must first insure the life and beauty of the form, which can only be obtained by the utmost possible truth of drawing, even though we ultimately must follow nature's plan and glorify the form by means of the color.

AS A CONTRIBUTION TO THIS SYMPOSIUM ON COLOR, WE PRESENT A SHORT ARTICLE  
BY ONE OF OUR AVOWED PROTAGONISTS OF COLOR:

## COLOR

BY CARROLL BECKWITH

**D**EFERENCE certainly must be paid to the group of painters who style themselves "modernists" for their efforts (I cannot say crowned often with success) in the direction of Color. There is a cheerful buoyancy attached to their canvases which, when successful, is like a ray of sunlight let into the gallery. Why, one is tempted to ask, is this successful result not oftener gained? The answer seems to me not far to seek: we are all of us sensitive to the manner of application of paint to canvas and this we deem one of the exponents of an artist's skill. You have heard the expression "Throwing a paint-brush in the face of the public." Now I contend that a skilled craftsman, a dexterous artist, suffers more upon beholding this class of work than the public—but it is undeniable that a rough and repellant workmanship may, and often does, harbor very beautiful elements of color.

I distinctly remember Claude Monet while I was in Giverny painting a series of pictures from a curving row of poplars bordering the river Loing, for the preservation of which he paid a considerable sum to make sure that they should not be felled for a year. These pictures were his masterpieces, not only intensely original in *motif* but done in an able and workmanlike manner. The following

year he conceived the idea of portraying sunlight on the façade of Rouen Cathedral and made another series of paintings extremely interesting in color, but of such unsolid and "cheesy" texture that, no matter how far removed the spectator might be, the sense of solidity of carved stonework was in no way conveyed. (See page 175.) I have, however, no intention of discussing the technique of my fellow-painters but of advancing some generally admitted and perhaps trite rulings that have been for a great many years adopted in the studios of our predecessors, rulings which it may be not unwise occasionally to review.

In the first place, there are two admitted divisions of Color: *warm* and *cold*. Each can be subdivided into as many gradations as a sensitive eye can detect and each of these subdivisions made to play upon a well-recognized set of human emotions. For example: the gathering together of dull grays, purples, deep blues and blacks will produce to the human mind depression, sadness; while a display of roseate pinks, violets and pale greens and yellows gives us the sensation of joy, of mirth, like the *allegro* movement in music. To go a step farther: shrill yellows and violent vermilions act upon the human nerves as the blast of some strident instrument or a sudden shock.